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Mus. A. D. 1845. 4. 8. 12



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6

THE
CHAPEL
HYMN BOOK.

O praise ye the Lord ! prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing :
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And children of God be glad in their King.

Completed by Charles H. Newman Born
and others.

Fourth Edition,
WITH ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY S. G. SIMPKINS,
1842.

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1842 P R E F A C E .

THE following Collection of Hymns was prepared for the worshippers at the Warren Street and Pitts Street Chapels. It is offered to the public at the request of certain of our friends, who think it may prove acceptable in Sunday Schools, Families, or some of our smaller Churches. Simplicity and cheapness were among our objects in compiling it. Should the collection be found of service in other circles than our own, we should rejoice to see it extended wherever such a book is wanted.

In aiming at simplicity we have endeavored to avoid whatever might seem tame or puerile. Of hymns written expressly for children, we have found few that we were willing to adopt. We have borrowed largely from such writers as Watts, in whose days Sabbath Schools and services for children were unknown.

If we have secured the simplicity we sought, we hardly need say that others may find the collection as serviceable to them as it is to children. What hymns do we all love or prize more—what hymns more surely and gently unseal the fountain of the heart, than the hymn

of our childhood, the hymns we repeated or sang in the freshness and innocence of the morning of life?

In the hope that it may be of service in the cause of Christ and the Church—in the hope that it may awaken sacred and pleasant thoughts in many a bosom, promoting devotional feeling in all, and forming a happy link between childhood and age—and with our prayer to God for its usefulness, our little collection is committed to the world.

C. F. *Braman*
E. W., Jr. *Weston*
F. T. *Gray*

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

ALL the hymns inserted in the first edition are found in this, in precisely the same order. The only change in them is made by the addition, in a few cases, of one or two verses. Nearly fifty hymns have been added, together with an index of subjects. The favor with which the collection has been received, has rendered it necessary to put forth this new edition. With the desire that it may prove still further useful, it is again committed to the world.

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HYMNS.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1

C. M.

Commencing Hymns.

To Thee, whose temple is all space ;
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies ;
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

2

L. M.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

3

S. M.

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all who dwell below the skies
Their grateful praises sing.

2

B 2

4

*C. M.
Morning*

- 1 **ONCE** more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.
- 2 **NIGHT** unto night his name repeats ;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 **O** God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

5

*8s & 7s.
Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 **WELCOME**, welcome, quiet morning ;
Welcome is this holy day ;
Now the Sabbath morn, returning,
Says a week has passed away.
- 2 Let me think how time is passing :
Soon the longest life departs !
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.
- 3 Love to God and to our neighbor
Makes our purest happiness ;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.
- 4 **SWIFT** my life's vain dreams are passing :
Like the startled dove they fly,

Or the clouds each other chasing
Over yonder quiet sky.

- 5 Father, now one prayer I raise thee;
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,—
Never from thy fear depart.

- 6 Then, when years are gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me;
There my treasure will be laid.

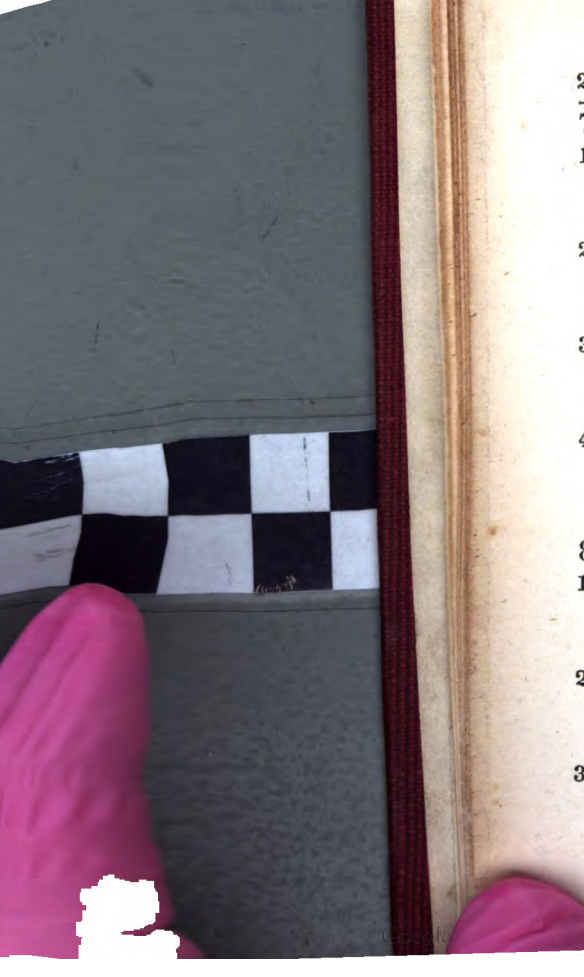
6

H. M.
Sabbath Morning.

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return:
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights, and mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.



2

7

1

2

3

4

8

1

2

3

And I rejoice that others share
The gift, the blessing, and the prayer.

- 4 And though a child, and weak I be,
I yet may bend myself to thee,
And join my feeble voice to raise
A simple hymn of grateful praise.

9 L. M.
The Sabbath.

- 1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou, who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

- 2 Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

- 3 We would our prayers with fervor bring,
And lay them at thy sacred throne,
And render praise, O heavenly King,
To thee, who praise canst claim alone.

10 7s. 6l.
The Sabbath.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day —
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest!

- 2 Lord, we pray for pardoning grace,
In our dear Redeemer's name:

Sin remove, and in its place
Give us virtue's purest flame :
Thus, from all our sins set free,
May we rest at last with thee.

11

L. M.
Sunday School.

- 1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
God's gracious blessing we implore :
We meet to learn, and sing, and pray :
May he be with us through this day.
- 2 If we attend with humble mind,
And seek instruction, we shall find :
Then, while we hear the sacred page,
O, may its truth our hearts engage.
- 3 These Sabbath days will soon be 'o'er,
And we shall come to school no more ;
We would not then endure the pain
Of having spent our time in vain.
- 4 And when on earth we meet no more,
May we to God, our Father, soar,
And praise him in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

12

L. M.
Morning.

- 1 O God, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away ;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.
- 2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye :

Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

13

L. M.
Morning.

- 1 THE soaring lark proclaims the dawn,
And hails the glorious orb of day :
The lowing herds spread o'er the lawn,
Or range the flowery pastures gay.
- 2 The singing birds, of various notes,
From every shady grove around, [throats
Pour forth their strains ;—their warbling
Make all the hills and dales resound.
- 3 Their cheerful songs, which sweetly rise,
Show forth their bounteous Maker's
praise,
Who smiles on all ;—and each one tries
Its finest, noblest notes to raise.
- 4 The soothing, gentle morning breeze,
With richest, purest fragrance blows ;
And, rustling through among the trees,
Refreshes all things as it goes.
- 5 All hail !—these early morning hours !—
They often call the wise abroad,
To view and praise the mighty powers,
The greatly glorious works of God !

14

C. M.
Morning.

- 1 THROUGH all the dangers of the night
Preserved, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee

- 2 O, may the beams of truth divine,
With clear, convincing light,
In all our understandings shine,
And chase our mental night.
- 3 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm ;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou dost save from harm.

15

C. M.
Morning Praise.

- 1 My God was with me all this night,
And gave me sweet repose ;
My God did watch, e'en whilst I slept,
Or I had never rose.
- 2 Lord, for the mercies of the night
My humble thanks I pay ;
And unto thee I dedicate
The first fruits of the day.
- 3 Let this day praise thee, O my God,
And so let all my days ;
And O, let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

6

L. M.
Sabbath Morning.

- 1 DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When cheerful bells awake the day :
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away ;—
- 2 And dear to me the sacred hour
Spent in thy holy temples, Lord !

To feel devotion's soothing power,
To hear the teachings of thy word.

- 3 Oft, when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts me from the earthly bands,
And sets my spirit free again.
- 4 Yes, dear to me the Sabbath morn :
The cheerful bells, with wakening voice,
Have often found my heart forlorn,
But always bid that heart rejoice.

17

L. M.
The Temple.

- 1 CALLED by the Sabbath bells away,
Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll go, with willing mind to pray,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word
- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me ;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.
- 3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

18

C. M.
The Temple.

- 1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above ;
For, lo ! the great Jehovah speaks,
And every word is love.

c

2 Lord, help
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And praise
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19

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4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

21

C. M.
Sabbath Morning.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control !
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts !
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity !

22

C. M.
Sabbath Morning.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O, what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

28

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25

L. M.
Worship.

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 4 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his ;
'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.
- 5 O, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the LORD our Maker fall !

26

L. M.
Sabbath Morning.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows !

c 2

- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains —
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

27

C. M.
Worship.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
“Thrice holy Lord!” the angels cry ;
“Thrice holy!” let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach :
A contrite heart will please him more
Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

28

L. M.
Morning Devotion.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Thy precious time misspent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear ;
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

29

C. M.
Morning Devotion.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face :
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move ;
Nor raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

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30

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- 2 With holy joy I hail the day
 That warns my thirsting soul away ;
 What transports fill my breast !
 For, lo ! my great Redeemer's power
 Unfolds the everlasting door,
 And leads me to his rest !

32

S. M.
The Day of Rest.

- 1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,
 Thy glorious acts to sing,
 To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
 And grateful offerings bring ; —
- 2 Sweet at the dawning hour,
 Thy boundless love to tell ;
 And when the night-wind shuts the flower
 Still on the theme to dwell ; —
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice
 With those who love and serve thee best,
 And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
 Be every Sabbath given,
 That such may be our blest employ
 Eternally in heaven.

33

8 & 7th M
Worship.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and fond desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.

3

34

2

3

4

3

Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all ;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

35

L. M.
God hears us.

- 1 God is so good that he will hear
Whenever children humbly pray ;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.
- 2 His own most holy book declares,
That, as a tender father will,
He listens to our lowly prayers,
And what we ask will grant us still.
- 3 He loves to hear a grateful tongue
Thank him for all his mercies given ;
And when on earth his praise is sung,
The cheerful notes are heard in heaven.

36

7s M.
Worship.

- 1 LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear ;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers,
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

37

S. M.
The Sunday School.

- 1 WITHIN these walls be peace;
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.
- 2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.
- 3 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all, through faith and patience, brought,
To an immortal crown.

38

C. M.
Worship.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King!
Who rul'st the world above;
Accept the tribute children bring,
Of gratitude and love.
- 2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we'll pay;

And ere the night has closed our eyes,
We'll thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word has given,
That children, such as we, may find
A certain path to heaven.

4 Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand,
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

39

L. M.
The House of God.

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heav'n's host their noblest homage bring

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

40

L. M.
The Temple.

1 HERE let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

D

- 2 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 3 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when of old thy spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.
- 4 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

41

C. M.
The Temple.

- 1 BEHOLD us, Lord, with humble fear
Approach thy temple gate ;
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.
- 2 But, trusting in thy boundless grace,
To all so freely given,
We worship in thy holy place,
And lift our souls to heaven."
3. Lead us in all thy righteous ways,
Nor let our footsteps slide :
Make straight thy path before our face,
Our guardian still, and guide.
- 4 No more to sin, Lord, let us yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and covered with the shield
Of thy almighty love.

42

L. M.
Worship.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth will stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

43

C. M.
Worship.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display :
We kneel within thy house of prayer,
O, give us hearts to pray !

- 2 Help us with holy fear and joy
To kneel before thy face ;
O make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace !

44

C. M.
Worship.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, while earth and heaven
Thy power and skill proclaim,
Wilt thou permit a child to sing
The honor of thy name ?
- 2 The early dawn of opening life
Has proved thy guardian care ;
And may I, through my future years,
Thy grace and goodness share.
- 3 Now may I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide ;
Most gracious God, O deign to be
My Father, Friend, and Guide.

45

L. M.
Worship.

- 1 WHEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
To offer praises here below,
With all the saints in heaven above, —
- 2 Our God is present with us there,
And watches all our thoughts and ways
O, let us humbly join in prayer,
Let us sincerely sing his praise !
- 3 O, may we never thoughtless go,
Nor lose the days our God has given !

But learn, by Sabbaths spent below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

46

S. M.
Rejoice in God.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place:
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

47

C. M.
The Temple.

1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the mount of God," they say,
"And to his house we'll go."

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall the whole world command.

D 2

48

8 & 7s M.
The City of God.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
- 3 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

49

L. M.
The Church.

- 1 ZION, awake! thy strength renew!
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue!
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine!
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too.

50

L. M.
The Temple.

- 1 HERE, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when thou hearest, O forgive!

- 2 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 3 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

51

C. M.

Close of Service.

- 1 O God, accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 2 Still let us ho'd, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son;
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills, to thee.

52

L. M.

Close of Service.

- 1 Thy presence, everlasting God!
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad:
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

- 3 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our grateful vows ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

53

8 & 7s M.

- 1 LORD of nature, Source of light,
In pity view thy world below ;
Guide our erring footsteps right,
Through these scenes of guilt and woe.
- 2 Grant thy spirit ! By thy kindness
Let our errors be forgiven ;
Heal our sins ; dispel our blindness ;
Then conduct us safe to heaven.

54

L. M.
Sabbath Evening.

- 1 AGAIN we've seen the Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven ;
We thank thee, Father, and we pray
That this day's sins may be forgiven.
- 2 May all we've heard and understood
Be well remembered through the week,
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

55

7s.
At Parting.

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same ;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend

To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

- 3 Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 4 In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, erelong,
Here to meet in peace again.

56

8 & 7s M.
Dismissal Hymn.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

57

I. M.
Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O, may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

58

L. M.
Evening.

- 1 Thy favor, gracious Lord, impart,
With sacred joy to cheer my heart :
Howe'er the corn and wine increase,
Earth ne'er can yield such heavenly peace.
- 2 With thy protection kindly blest,
I'll lay me down in peace to rest ;
Safe in thy care — from danger free,
To wake on earth — or wake with thee.

59

7s M.
Evening Devotion.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee !
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.
- 3 When for me the light of day
Shall on earth be passed away,

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee !

60

L. M.
Evening Devotion.

- 1 WHEN home I seek, and sweet repose,
And humbly kneel, at evening's close,
From worldly care and toil set free,
What joy, O Lord, to turn to thee !
- 2 And as the faithful golden flower
Turns to the sun, each passing hour,
And never, till the close of day,
Loses his animating ray, —
- 3 So turns my soul to love divine :
Here may the beams of mercy shine ;
Here may that holy light be shed,
Which gilds a Christian's dying bed.

61

L. M.
Evening.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone ;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
Swiftly the passing hours have flown,
And night's dark curtains veil the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone ;
But soon a fairer day shall rise, —
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone ;
In solemn silence rest, my soul !
Bow down thy heart before His throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

62

S. M.
Sunset.

- 1 THE sun hath gone to rest ; —
The bee forsakes the flower ; —
The young bird slumbers on its nest,
Within the leafy bower.
- 2 Where have I been this day ?
Into what folly run ?
Forgive me, Father, when I pray
Through Jesus Christ, thy Son.
- 3 When all my days are o'er,
And in the grave I rest,
Wilt thou permit my soul to fly
To a Redeemer's breast ?

63

L. M.
Evening Hymn.

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
O, may thy presence ne'er depart !

And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

64

7s M.
Sabbath Evening.

- 1 SACRED day, forever blest !
Day of all our days the best ;
Welcome hours of praise and prayer,
Free from toil, fatigue, and care !
- 2 Happy, happy, happy, Lord,
Those who hear and read thy word !
Happy those who dwell with thee !
Who thy grace and glory see.
- 3 We once more have heard thy voice :
Lord, in thee our souls rejoice ;
Borne by faith to worlds on high,
Called to reign above the sky.
- 4 Though this day of rest we close,
Still in thee our hearts repose ;
Guide and guard us all our days :
O, may all our lives be praise !

65

L. M.
Evening Hymn.

- 1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest ;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

- 2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close ;
 And now, when all the world is still,
 I give my body to repose,
 My spirit to my Father's will.

66

7s M.
Evening Hymn.

- 1 THOU, my ever-bounteous God,
 Crown'st my days with various good ;
 Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,
 My defenceless hours shall keep.
- 2 What if death my sleep invade ?
 Should I be of death afraid ?
 While encircled by thine arm,
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 3 With thy heavenly presence blest,
 Death is life, and labor rest :
 Welcome sleep or death to me,
 Still secure, — for still with thee !

67

1s M.
Morning and Evening.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies, from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
 To thee I consecrate my days ;

Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

68

L. M.
Sabbath Evening.

- 1 **THERE** is a time when moments flow
More happily than all beside :
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath at the eventide.
- 2 O, then the setting sun shines fair ;
And all below, and all above,
The various forms of nature wear —
One universal garb of love.
- 3 And then the peace that Jesus brought,
The life of grace eternal beams ;
And we, by his example taught,
Will prize the life his love redeems.
- 4 Delightful scene ! — a world at rest —
A God all love — no grief, no fear —
A heavenly hope — a peaceful breast —
A smile unsullied by a tear.

69

C. M.
Evening Hymn.

- 1 **Lord**, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am forever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing, on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And, when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep :
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

70

L. M.
Sabbath Evening.

- 1 How sweet, at Sabbath's stilly eve,
To give to contemplation wings,
To throw away all thoughts that grieve,
And muse on high and heavenly things !
- 2 To look above to yonder spheres,
Where, bright in rolling beauty, shine
The stars of many thousand years,
Hung by the Architect divine !
- 3 Silent those orbs — O, do they teem
With forms, like ours, of life and clay ?
Have they, too, felt a Savior's beam
Chasing their guilty clouds away ?
- 4 Mortal, dost thou not feel thy soul
Longing to take its sinless flight
Upward, above this world's control,
Beyond those distant orbs of light, —
- 5 Where cherubim and seraphim,
And countless myriads now at rest,

Sing hallelujahs loud to Him
Who reigns in full effulgence blest ?

71

11s & 8s.
Evening.

1 How pleasant it is, at the close of the day,
No follies to mourn or lament,
But to think of the past, and be able to say
That our time has been properly spent !

2 When we've finished our lessons with pa-
tience and care,
And been studious, obliging, and kind,
We lie on our pillows, and quietly there
Sleep with happy and peaceable minds.

72

P. M.
The Evening Prayer.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night !
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

73

7s M.
Evening Prayer.

1 MIGHTY God ! another day
Me hath sped along my way :
Nearer to my grave I've come,
Nearer to my endless home.

E 2

- 2 Round me close the shades of night ;
Gird me with thy presence bright ;
Darkness comes not where thou art ;
Dwell thou ever in my heart.

74

L. M.
Sabbath Evening.

- 1 ANOTHER day, O Lord, is gone,
Another of thy Sabbaths past ;
O, may each day of duty done
Be holier, happier than the last !
- 2 And may the teachings of thy word,
This day received, through life remain ;
Their gentle influence still afford,
To soothe each woe, to calm each pain.
- 3 Wilt thou be with us when apart ? —
Together, wilt thou be our stay ?
Engrave upon thy children's heart
The lessons of this holy day.
-

PRAISE TO GOD.

75

7s M.
Cheerful Praise.

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies long endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;
For his mercies, &c.

- 3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies, &c.
- 4 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth;
For his mercies, &c.

76

S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the mighty God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown,
And gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

77

C. P. M.

Praise ye the Lord.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power:

- Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King :
Th' astonished worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To jo'n the thunders of the skies ;
Praise him, who bids you roll ;—
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

78

L. M.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise sha'l sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

79

7s M.

1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine;
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise the name divine.

80

8 & 7s.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

81

8 & 7s.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name !

82

7s M.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ, —
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the fruit's refreshing juice,
For the generous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dew,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ; —
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores ; —
- 5 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

83

C. M.
Thy Works praise Thee.

- 1 ALL nature shows, in various ways,
Her great Creator's praise ;
The young birds sing, while on the wing,
In soft and pleasant lays.
- 2 The trees look gay, and seem to say,
There is a God above ;
The sun's bright beams, the liquid streams,
Say we are ruled by love.
- 3 The bleating flocks, with happy looks,
Say God deigns us to feed ;
Without his power, there's not an hour
But we should comforts need.
- 4 And if the herds, and trees, and birds,
All join to praise God's name,
It must not be that such as we
Neglect to do the same.

84

C. M.

- 1 I sing the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise, —
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food.

He formed the creatures by his word,
And then pronounced them good.

- 4 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

85

C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Father, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise ;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine — wholly thine — O let us be !
Our sacrifice receive :
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

86

C. M.

- 1 HAIL, great Creator — wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise ;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

- 4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!
- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see,
O, may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee!

87

C. M.

- 1 O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry, —
- 3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway."
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

P

- 5 The holy church, throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

88

11s & 8.

- 1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth ;
O, serve him with gladness and fear ;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth ;
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 The Lord, he is God — and Jehovah alone,
Creator, and ruler o'er all ;
And we are his people ; his sceptre we own ;
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and
song ;
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
His praise with melodious accordance pro-
long,
And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand ;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

89

10s & 11s.

- 1 O, PRAISE ye the Lord ; his greatness pro-
claim ;
Jehovah our God, how awful thy name !

How vast is thy power, thy glory how great!
Lo! myriads of spirits thy mandates await!

- 2 Thy canopy's heaven, in splendor so bright!
Thy chariot the clouds, thy garment the
light.
The works of creation thy bidding perform;
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the
storm.

- 3 What wisdom is shown, what power displayed,
In all that thy hand hath fashioned and
made!
The earth full of riches, in beauty complete;
The fathomless ocean, with wonders re-
plete.

- 4 O thou, our great God, Redeemer and King,
With hearts full of love, to thee will we
sing;
To life's latest moment our voices we'll
raise,
And join the full chorus of blessing and
praise.

90

C. M.

I also will praise Thee.

- 1 FATHER, I love to read of thee,
And learn of heaven above;
To hear what thou hast done for me,
By thy unceasing love;—

2 To think that all this world contains
Was made and formed by thee ;
And yet the power which all sustains
Has thought and care for me.

3 That thou art ever kind and good,
My constant blessings prove ;
My home, my friends, my daily food,
Speak thy unfailing love.

4 Father, I know each living thing
Should sing its Maker's praise ;
O, let me then *my* tribute bring,
My little offering raise !

91

7s M.
Glory to God in the Highest.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

116

L. M.
Divine Protection.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives — the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

117

L. M.
Man should praise Thee.

- 1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord ! the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.
- 2 The birds that rise on soaring wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general anthem raise.
- 3 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute midst nature's loud acclaim ?
No ; let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
- 4 And Nature's debt is small to mine ;
Thou bad'st her being bounded be ;

But — matchless proof of love divine —
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

118

L. M.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains ;
And its full streams redundant flow
Through the abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine ;
The cares of providence are thine ;
And grace erects our mortal frame
The fairest temple to thy name.
- 3 O, give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art ;
With grateful love, and reverend fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

119

P. M.

God of the Seasons.

- 1 REJOICE ! the Lord is king !
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !
- 2 His wintry north winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain ;
Yet his thick flakes of snow
Defend the infant grain :
Lift up your hearts, &c.

- 3 He wakes the genial spring,
 Perfumes the balmy air ;
 The vales their tribute bring,
 The promise of the year :
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 4 High from th' ethereal plain
 Bright suns their influence fling ;
 He gives the welcome rain,
 That makes the valleys sing :
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He loads the circling year ;
 His flocks the hills adorn ;
 He fills the golden ear,
 And loads the fields with corn :
 O, happy mortals, raise your voice, &c.
- 6 Lead on your fleeting train,
 Ye years, ye months, and days !
 O, bring th' eternal reign
 Of love, and joy, and praise :
 Lift up your hearts, &c.

120

L. M.

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

- 1 GREAT God, at whose all-powerful call,
 At first arose this beauteous frame,
 Thou bid'st the seasons change, and all
 The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
 From winter storms recovered, rise ;
 When thousand grateful scenes appear,
 Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.

- 3 The new delight how great, to see
 The earth in vernal beauty dressed,
 While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
 Thy opening bounty shines confessed!
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
 And light and genial heat conveys;
 And, while he leads the seasons on,
 From thee derives his quickening rays.
- 5 Indulgent God! from every part
 Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
 We see; we taste; let every heart
 With grateful love and duty glow.

121

H. M.

God of the Spring.

- 1 How pleasing is the voice
 Of God, our heavenly King,
 Who bids the frosts retire,
 And wakes the lovely spring!
- | | | |
|----------------------|--|------------------------|
| Bright suns arise, | | And beauty glows |
| The mild wind blows, | | Thro' earth and skies. |
- 2 The morn, with glory crowned,
 His hand arrays in smiles:
 He bids the eve decline,
 Rejoicing o'er the hills:
- | | | |
|----------------------|--|-----------------------|
| The evening breeze | | His beauty blooms |
| His breath perfumes; | | In flowers and trees. |
- 3 With life he clothes the spring,
 The earth with summer warms;
 He spreads th' autumnal feast,
 And rides on wintry storms:

H

His gifts divine | And round the year
Through all appear ; His glories shine.

122

8 & 6s M.
The Love of God.

- 1 MY God ! thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright on high thy glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purp'e morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smiles on every vale.
- 4 But in thy gospel see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven :
There, Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,

And ardent gratitude ;
 And all my thoughts and passions tend
 To thee, my Father and my Friend,
 My soul's eternal good.

GOD SENDS AFFLICTION FOR OUR GOOD.

123

C. M.
Goodness in Affliction.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
 We own thy power divine ;
 We hear thy breath in every storm,
 For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
 They work thy sovereign will ;
 And, awed by thy majestic voice,
 Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
 To those who seek thy face,
 And mingles with the tempest's roar
 The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
 Till all the tumult cease ;
 And gales of Paradise shall lull
 My weary soul to peace.

124

C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;

He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head,

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

125

C. M.

1 If Providence, to try my heart,
Afflictions should prepare,
To God submissive may I bend,
And keep me from despair.

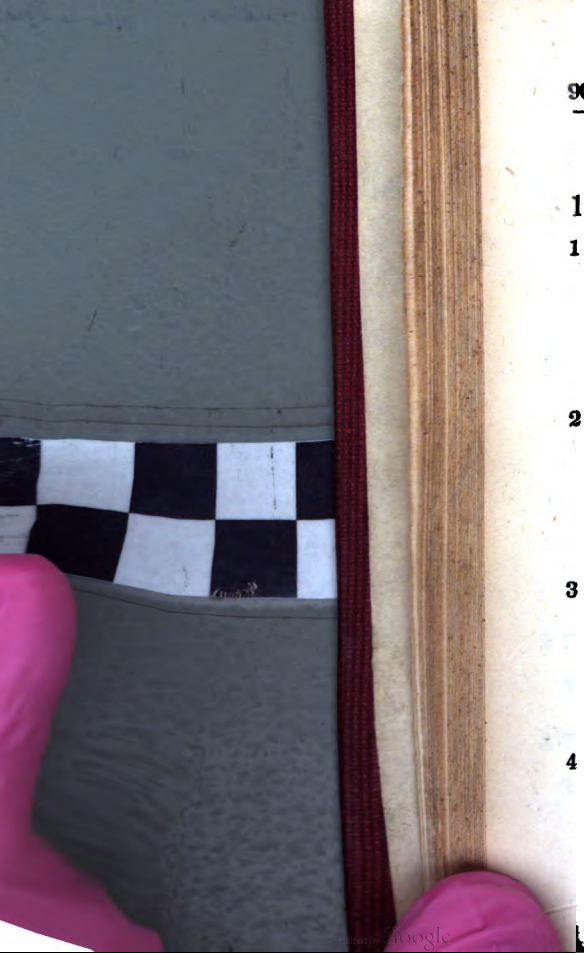
- 2 **Whate'er he orders must be just :**
Then let me kiss the rod,
Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust
The goodness of my God.
- 3 **The mind to which I owe my own.**
To guide this mind is wise ;
And He, to whom my faults are known,
The fittest to chastise.
- 4 **Then, till life's latest sands are run,**
O teach me, Power Divine,
Still to reply, Thy will be done,
Whate'er becomes of mine.

126

S. M.
Divine Protection.

- 1 **How gentle God's commands !**
How kind his precepts are !
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."
- 2 **While Providence supports,**
Let saints securely dwell :
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 **Why should this anxious load**
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

H 2



90

1

1

2

3

4

I seek, by the path which my forefathers
trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, thy
kingdom of love.

128

S. M.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place .
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 Whi'e he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Though I should walk through death's dark
shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

129

7s.

- 1 To thy pastures, fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Midst the springing grass prepare.

-
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
 Thou shalt guide my weary feet
 To the streams, that, still and slow, .
 Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe, the dreary vale I tread,
 By the shades of death o'erspread;
 With thy rod and staff supplied, —
 This my guard, and that my guide.
- 4 Constant, to my latest end,
 Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
 And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
 Yield me an eternal home.
-

GOD.

130

C. M.

He loves the Good.

- 1 THE Lord is in his holy place,
 And from his throne on high,
 He looks upon the human race
 With omnipresent eye.
- 2 The righteous Lord will take delight
 Alone in righteousness;
 The just are pleasing in his sight,
 The humble he will bless.

131

8 & 7s.

Divine Love.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!

- Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Father! thou art all compassion;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every longing heart.
- 3 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
- 4 Come, almighty to deliver;
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Graciously come down, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.

132

C. M.

Praise God in Life and Death.

- 1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God,
 Through all my mortal days,
 And to eternity prolong
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
 Be this my sweet employ:
 Devotion heightens all my bliss,
 And sanctifies my joy.
- 3 And though these lips shall cease to move,
 Though death shall close these eyes,
 Yet shall my soul to nobler heights
 Of joy and transport rise.
- 4 Then shall my powers in endless strains
 Their grateful tribute pay:

The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

133

S. M.
God our Creator.

- 1 THE great and blessed God
Made me and all mankind ;
He gives me life, and friends, and food,
And knowledge for my mind.
- 2 He made the lofty sky,
And stars so sparkling bright ;
The sun to give us light by day,
And moon to shine by night.
- 3 He made each flower and tree,
Each insect, beast, and bird ;
Made every thing that we can see,
By his almighty word.
- 4 O, may I learn to pray —
Be humble, kind, and mild ;
In all I do, and think, and say,
Be God's obedient child.

134

C. M.
Our Creator.

- 1 WHEN I, with curious eyes, survey -
My complicated frame,
I read on every part inscribed
My great Creator's name.
- 2 Why was my body formed erect,
Whilst brutes bow down to earth,
But that my soul should learn to know
And claim its nobler birth ?

- 3 Author of life, my tongue shall sing
 'The wonders of my frame ;
 Long as I breathe, and think, and speak,
 I'll praise thy glorious name.

135

C. M.
Our Creator.

- 1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
 And all my frame survey,
 Lord, 'tis thy work — I own thy hand
 That built my humble clay.
- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
 The product of thy skill ;
 And hourly blessings from thy hands
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 And when I count thy mercies o'er,
 They fill me with surprise ;
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.
- 4 These on my heart by night I keep ;
 How kind, how dear to me !
 O, may the hour that ends my sleep
 Still find my thoughts with thee !

136

L. M.
God ever the same.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame !
 Our souls adore thine awful name ;
 And bow, and tremble, while we praise
 The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Our days a transient period run,
 And change with every circling sun ;

And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

3 But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies ;—

4 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

137

C. M.

God is every where.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured by sovereign love.

138

C. M.
God with us.

- 1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Farther than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high ;
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God, art nigh.
- 2 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey thy dread control ;
 Yet still thou art not there.
 Where shall I find him, O my soul,
 Who yet is every where ?
- 3 O, not in circling depth, or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does his spirit rest.
 O, come, thou Presence Infinite,
 And make thy creature blest.

139

L. M.
God sees us.

- 1 FATHER of spirits ! Nature's God .
 Our inmost thoughts are known to thee ,
 Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
 And every private action see.

- 2 Could we on morning's swiftest wings
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.
- 3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night :
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.
- 4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin ;
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

140

C. M.

Thou, God, seest me.

- 1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers :
With awe profound, my wondering soul
Falls prostrate and adores.
- 2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just,
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust, —
- 3 O, how tremendous is the thought !
Deep may it be impressed !
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast.
- 4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread ;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

141

C. M.
God with us.

- 1 **FATHER** divine ! before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we draw ;
Our childhood was thy care ;
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Power Supreme ;
O, still our wants supply !
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favor die.

142

C. M.
God with us.

- 1 To thee, my God, my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion lifts
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve ;

-
- And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die ;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

143

C. M.
Love God in Truth.

- 1 God is a Spirit, just and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to Heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

144

L. M.

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go ;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do ;
Suggest whate'er I think or say ;
Direct me in thy narrow way.
- 2 Enrich me alway with thy love ;
My kind protection ever prove ;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

145

C. M.

Lead us, O Lord.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's 'celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road ;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God !

146

S. M.

Holy Desires.

- 1 God, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

12

2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way ;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 O, ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt ;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

147

L. M.
Holy Desires.

- 1 Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 3 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave ;
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 4 Great ALL IN ALL, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

148

S. M.
Seeking God.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore ;
Not travellers in a desert land
Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared to this —
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

149

C. M.
Let me know my God.

- 1 SHINE forth, eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known ;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast ;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame,
Is our sublimest skill :

True science is to read thy name,
True life t' obey thy will.

- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

150

L. M.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense :
One sovereign word can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone :
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

151

C. M.
The Mercy of God.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

-
- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day ;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose —
That He, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.
- 4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load ;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.
- 5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace ;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

152

C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit ! God-of truth !
Our contrite hearts inspire ;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.
- 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed ;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be ;
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

153

C. M.

- 1 **FATHER**, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise : —
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

154,

C. M.
God our Refuge.

- 1 **WHEN** storms hang o'er the Christian's head
He flies unto his God,
And under his refreshing shade
Finds a secure abode.
- 2 When foes without, and fears within,
Seek to disturb his peace,
To God he makes his sorrows known,
And straight his sorrows cease.
- 3 When winds of strong temptation blow,
And floods of trouble roll,
God is the help, and refuge too,
Of his distressed soul.

155

C. M.
God our Support.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God forever near?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?
- 3 On this support our souls shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death will smile,
If God be with us there.
- 4 While we his gracious succor prove,
'Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades through which we pass
Shall echo with his praise.

156

C. M.
Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;—
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore!
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!

- Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see :
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;—
That heart shall rest on thee !

157

L. M.
Be with us, Lord.

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along th' astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray !
- 4 And O, when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,

Be thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

158

C. M.

The Presence of God.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine ;
O, let thy favor crown our days,
And all of them be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease,
And Heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

159

7s M.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise !
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 Thou didst form me by thy power ;
Thou wilt guide me hour by hour ;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree.

J

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- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief ;—
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove ;
Times to taste a Savior's love ;—
All is fixed, the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

160

C. M.
Holy Wishes.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker ! Lord of all !
Of life the only spring !
Creator of unnumbered worlds !
Supreme, eternal King !—
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride ;
Nor let me in forbidden paths,
With thoughtless sinners, glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.
- 4 Feed me with necessary food :
I ask not wealth or fame :
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.
- 5 May still my days serenely pass,
Without remorse or care ;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

161

L. M.

- 1 **AMIDST** a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat, —
- 2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the lonely way ;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power
To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run ;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside ;
But through this maze of mortal ill
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

162

C. M.

Submission.

- 1 **AUTHOR** of good, we rest on thee :
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide ;
O, let thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,

We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill, —

- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply :
The good unasked, O Father, grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

163

S. M.

God our Shelter.

- 1 WHEN, o'erwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies, —
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To Heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

164

C. M.

Changes.

- 1 THE gifts indulgent Heaven bestows,
Are variously conveyed ;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.
- 2 While changing aspects all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind ?

- 3 More gayly smiles the blooming spring,
 When wintry storms are o'er ;
 Retreating sorrow thus may bring
 Delights unknown before.
- 4 Then, Christian, send thy fears away,
 Nor sink in gloomy care ;
 Tho' clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
 To-morrow may be fair.

165

C. M.
Submission.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
 That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No ! let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

166

C. M.
In Time of Danger.

- 1 O God, that mad'st the earth and sky,
 The darkness and the day,

8

J2

Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray !
For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore !

- 2 The cross our Master bore for us ;
For Him we fain would bear ;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair !
Have mercy on our failings, Lord !
Our sinking faith renew !
And when his sorrows visit us,
O send his patience too !

167

L. M. 61.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow ;
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed ;
Unburden here the weighty load ;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God.
Thy God's *thy Saviour* — glorious word !
Forever love and praise the Lord.

168

C. M.
Peace from God.

- 1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet ;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend ;
For, lo ! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my Friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sound of peace convey ;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

169

C. M.
Devotion.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy gracious power
On every hand I see ;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all my thoughts to thee !
- 2 If, on the wings of morn, I speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there my footsteps lead,
Thy love my path surround.
- 3 Thy power is on the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
'Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God I see ;

And all the blessings I receive
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee my hopes depend ;
'Through every age, in every clime,
My Father and my Friend !

170

L. M.

Our Father's Providence.

- 1 THROUGH all the various, shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest, with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care ! — to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee.

171

C. M.

Submission.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God,
I'll sing the honor of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

-
- 2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear ;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each lengthening year.
- 3 In every changing state of life,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 4 Then will I close my eyes in death,
Free from distressing fear ;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

172

C. M.
God our Friend.

- 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord ;
He bowed to hear my cry ;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 Firm as a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
And raise my soul in song.
- 3 How many are thy thoughts of love !
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
We have not words, nor hours, enough
Their numbers to repeat.
- 4 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

173

8 & 7s.

- 1 **LEAD** us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee ;
Still possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with kind affections blending,
Pleasures time can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy.

174

7s M. 6l.

The Child of God.

- 1 **QUIET**, Lord, my froward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a weaned child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
Fears to stir a step alone ; —

Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

- 4 Thus preserved from worldly wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

175

C. M.
Sickness.

- 1 God of my life, look gently down ;
Behold the pains I feel ;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord ;
They come at thy command ;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were ;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 4 But if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

176

S. M.
Trust.

- 1 If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,

With grateful hearts, O
We'll own the fostering

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind
Which drives us nearer

3 Soon shall our doubts and
All yield to thy control ;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own ;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

177

C. M.
Composure.

1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord
His well-established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
The heavenly footsteps lie ;
But on a glorious world beyond
His faith can fix its eye.

3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrow round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.

4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes ;

And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

178

S. M.
Composure.

1 My Father! cheering name!
O, may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O, bend my will to thine!

4 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight:
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

5 My Father! blissful name!
Above expression dear!
If thou accept the humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

179

L. M.
Trust.

1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought
Ere deem thy chastisements severe:
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

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- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.
-

CHRIST.

180

C. M.
The guiding Star.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where our Redeemer lay.
- 2 But, lo ! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O, haste to follow where it leads !
The gracious call obey,

Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

- 4 O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

181

7s M.
Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered men aright.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, — for him your hearts prepare;
Meet him manifested there!
- 4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

182

8 & 7s.
Song of the Angels.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?

- Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest — glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found."
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven" —
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."
- 5 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

183

7s.
Birth of Christ.

- 1 HAIL, all hail, the joyful morn!
Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
That to us a Child is born,
That to us a Son is given.
- 2 Angels, bending from the sky,
Chanted at the wondrous birth —
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace — good-will to man on earth."
- 3 Join we, then, our feeble lays
To the chorus of the sky;

And in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

184

C. M.
Song of the Angels.

- 1 CALM, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" — the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing —
"Peace to earth — good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!"

185

11s M.
Prepare ye the Way.

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes sounding
and shrill:
The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the
way!

K2

The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor
of day.

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though
towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high :
The rough path and crooked be made
smooth and even,
For, Zion ! your King, your Redeemer is
nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine ;
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her
Lord ;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly
bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branch-
es abroad.

186

L. M.
Birth of Christ.

1 WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Savior's born ;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day !

2 Hark ! what sweet music ! — what a song
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng !
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky ;
Glory to God, who reigns on high ;

Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

187

O. M.
Christ the King.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

188

C. M.
Christ's Errand.

- 1 HARK the glad sound! the Savior comes!
The Savior, promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasure of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

189

S. M.

The Light of the World.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness:
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, the light of men!
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts!

- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way :
The path which Christ has marked and
Will lead to endless day. [trod

190

S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.
- 2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor thou art ;
O, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart !

191

S. M.

- 1 JESUS will take the young
Beneath his special care ;
And he will keep their youthful days
From every woe and snare.
- 2 He knows their tender frame,
Nor will their youth contemn ;
For he a little child became,
To love and pity them.
- 3 Nor does he now forget
His youthful days on earth ;
Nor would we ever cease our praise,
For the Redeemer's birth.

192

7s M.

- 1 **COME**, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose worn and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ; —
- 3 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
God will hear your humblest prayer.
- 4 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm, that flows for every wound ;
Peace, that ever shall endure ;
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

193

C. M.

" I am the Way, the Truth, the Life. "

- 1 **THOU** art the way — to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the truth — thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the life — the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;

And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

- 4 Thou art the way — the truth — the life :
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

194

L. M.
Love to Christ.

- 1 WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread his works of love abroad,
If I had lived so long ago,
O, should not I have loved the Lord ?
- 2 Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who healed the sick, and cured the blind —
O, should we not have loved him then ?
- 3 But where is Jesus ? Is he dead ?
O, no ; he lives in heaven above ;
And "Blest are they," the Savior said,
"Who, though they have not seen me.
love!"

195

L. M.
Jesus the Teacher.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place !
- 2 From heaven he came ; of heaven he spoke ;
To heaven he led his followers' way ;

Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home ;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest."

196

C. M.

Jesus the merciful.

- 1 "HAVE mercy, Lord — have mercy, Lord,"
The eager blind man cried :
The Savior spoke the healing word —
The prayer was not denied.
- 2 The weary one in strength arose ;
The deaf was made to hear :
The Savior bade the winds repose,
And wiped the widow's tear.
- 3 He wept in silence by the grave,
Then called the dead by name ;
His arm had strength enough to save —
The dead arose and came.
- 4 Beyond these scenes of mortal woe
The Savior rose to dwell ;
But still he sees the tears that flow,
The hearts with grief that swell.
- 5 Dear Savior, still thy changeless love
The contrite soul can heal ;
Then shine upon us from above,
And all thy love reveal.

197

C. M.
Our Savior's Love.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

198

L. M.
See how He loved !

- 1 "SEE how he loved !" exclaimed the Jews,
 As tender tears from Jesus fell :
 My grateful heart the thought pursues,
 And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
 Teaching the doctrine from the skies !
 Who bade disease and pain be gone,
 And called the sleeping dead to rise !
- 3 See how he loved, who, firm, yet mild,
 Patient endured the scoffing tongue !
 Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
 Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.

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- 4 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death !
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath !
- 5 See how he loved, who died for man,
Who labored thus, and thus endured,
To finish the all-gracious plan,
Which life and heaven to man insured !
- 6 Such love can we unmoved survey ?
O, may our hearts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show !

199

C. M.
"Remember me."

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord ;
I will remember thee.
- 2 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember thee ;—
- 3 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 4 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

200

C. M.

Lord, remember me.

- 1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart :
Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day :
Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath —
Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

201

C. M.

Example of Christ.

- 1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace ;
As he hath done, so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.
- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas his delight
To do his Father's will ;

May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil.

- 3 Meekness, humility, and love
Through all his conduct shine ;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

202

8 & 7s.
My Pattern.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST, our Lord and Savior,
Once became a child like me :
O that, in my whole behavior,
He my pattern still may be.
- 2 If my feelings are not holy,
Pride and passion dwell within ;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.
- 3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.
- 4 Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by the word of truth ;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

203

C. M.
Our Guide.

- 1 BEHOLD where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine !
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life —
He labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide !
His image may we bear !
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

204

L. M.
Jesus the mild.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be —
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to
strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life !
- 3 O, how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !

L 2

Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love :
If, then, we love the Savior's name,
Let his divine example move.

205

L. M.
Our Example.

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb

206

L. M.

The Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 To thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day,
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine;
Quickened by him, our souls shall live,
And cheered by him shall grow and thrive.
- 4 O, may his glories stand confessed,
From north to south, from east to west;
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.
- 5 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fixed on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day!

207

L. M.

Jesus the meek.

- 1 "O, LEARN of me," the Savior cried,
"O, learn of me, ye sons of pride;
For I am lowly, humble, meek;
No haughty looks high thoughts bespeak!"
- 2 Yes, blest Immanuel! thou wast mild,
Patient, and gentle as a child;

And they who would thy kingdom see,
Must meek and lowly be, like thee.

208

S. M.

- 1 "BLEST are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine ;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell,
And cheerful hope, and heavenly joy,
Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs ;
They own his gracious sway ;
And, yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.
- 4 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast ;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.
- 5 O gracious Father, grant
That we this influence feel, —
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

209

S. M.

Jesus dies.

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Savior lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony !

- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?
- 3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head
And oped his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.
- 5 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

210

7th M.*Jesus lives again.*

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb!
Jesus dissipates the gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Savior rise!
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

- 4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

211

7s M.

- 1 ANGELS ! roll the stone away !
Death ! yield up thy mighty prey !
See ! — he rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Savior — seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise :
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide ;
Gracious Conqueror ! through them ride ;
King of glory ! mount thy throne ;
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

212

S. M.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed ;"
And are the tidings true ?
Yes, we beheld the Savior bleed,
And saw him living too.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed ;
Then Death has lost his prey ;

With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

- 3 The Lord is risen indeed ;
Attending angels, hear ;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

213

C. M.

We shall rise also.

- 1 BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though the frame of man require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come ;



With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

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Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

213

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That they should never die.

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Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God
Till the salvation come;

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We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

214

S. M.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 Jesus, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care ;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

215

C. M.

Jesus the true Vine.

- 1 OUR joy is a created good :
How soon it fades away !
Fades, at the morning hour bestowed,
Before the noon of day.
- 2 In vain doth earthly bliss afford .
A momentary shade ;
It rises like the prophet's gourd,
And withers o'er my head.

- 3 But, of my Savior's love possessed,
No more for earth I pine;
Secure of everlasting rest
Beneath the heavenly vine.

216

L. M.
Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

217

S. M.

- 1 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies;

10

M

He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith ;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

218

5, 8s, & 4s.

1 HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds !
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God,
And guides them safely, by his word,
To endless day.

2 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

3 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love
When rolling years shall cease to move ;
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

THE BIBLE.

219

C. M.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place,
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.
- 5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine ;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

220

C. M.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

221

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

222

L. M.

- 1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live ;
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye, —
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

223

H. M.

Success of the Gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;

M 2

But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine :
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend.
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more."

224

L. M.

1 TEACH me, O, teach me, Lord, thy way!
So to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.

2 Informed by thee with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law ;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.

- 3 Give me to know thy words aright —
Thy words, my soul's supreme delight ;
That, purged from thirst of gold, my mind
In them its better wealth may find.
- 4 O, turn from vanity mine eye ;
To me thy quickening strength supply ;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

225

L. M.

Thanks for the Gospel.

- 1 WE sing thy mercy, God of love,
Which sent the Savior from above,
To free our race from sin and woe,
And spread thy peace and truth below.
- 2 We thank thee for the words he brought ;
We thank thee that he lived and taught
Our frail, imperfect souls to be,
In humble mode, resembling thee.
- 3 We thank thee for thy gracious care,
That kept those sacred pages fair
Through every age, whose lines record
The deeds and precepts of our Lord.

226

L. M.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God,

When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and lov.
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord —
And Faith stands leaning on his word.

227

C. M.

1 HAIL, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night ;
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet ;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

228

L. M.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still,
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O, may the reconciling word

Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While, trusting in my gracious Lord,
I sink in peaceful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day !

229

C. M.

1 O THAT thy statutes, every hour,
Might dwell upon my mind !
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ :
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word ;
Thy word is all my joy.

230

L. M.

The Bread from Heaven.

1 FATHER, supply my every need ;
Sustain the life thyself hast given ;
O, grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from
heaven !

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more !

231

C. M.

The Bread of Life.

1 WHAT is the chaff, the word of man,
When set against the wheat ?

Can it a dying soul sustain,
Like that immortal meat?

- 2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread
The children doth supply ;
And those who by thy word are fed,
Their souls shall never die.

232

C. M.
The Good Seed.

- 1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest
Whose word, like manna sent from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ; —
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care !
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply ;
Till hope, in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

233

C. M.

- 1 Thy gracious aid, great God, impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write all its precepts on the heart,
And deep its truths impress.
- 2 O, speed our progress in the way
That leads to joy on high,

Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

EARLY RELIGION.

234

C. M.
Early Religion.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 O Thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own !

235

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY FATHER ! I am weak,
But thou wilt strengthen me,
If from my heart I humbly seek
For health and light from thee.
- 2 When I am tempted to do wrong,
Then, Father, pity me,

And make my failing virtues strong ;
Help me to think of thee !

- 3 Let Christian courage guard my youth ;
That courage give to me,
Which ever speaks and acts the truth,
And puts its trust in thee.

236

C. M.

- 1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
'Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
Ye children, seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

237

C. M.

- 1 I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A free and happy child.

- 2 I was not born, as millions are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.
- 3 My God ! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.
- 4 Help me to serve thee every day,
Whilst thou shalt give me breath ;
And grant that, while on earth I stay,
I may prepare for death.

238

7s M.

- 1 CHILD ! to thee, the loved of heaven,
Boundless power t' improve is given ;
Rise to meet temptation's power ;
Stand, in passion's wildest hour.
- 2 Fast as danger round thee grows,
Gather strength from conquered foes ;
Tread the path thy Leader trod,
Pressing on to peace, to God.
- 3 Pause not, rest not, yield not now ;
Soon the crown shall grace thy brow !
Child of heaven ! there fix thine eyes !
Onward ! onward to the prize !

N

239

C. M.

- 1 **WHEN** we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'Tis easier work if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners who grow old in sin,
 Are hardened in their crimes.
- 3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.
- 4 To thee, almighty God ! to thee
 Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
 Employ our youngest breath ;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

240

L. M.

- 1 **IN** Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright ;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke ;
"Samuel !" it called, and thrice it spoke ;
He rose ; he asked whence came the word ;
From Eli ? No — it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod ;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord, and, from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways ;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear ;
Speak, Lord, to us ; thy servants hear.

241

C. M.

- 1 Now that my journey's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come before I further run,
And give myself to God.
- 2 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I never can foretell ;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.
- 3 If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
Since God can hear the orphan's cry,
O, what have I to fear ?
- 4 If I am poor, he can supply,
Who has my table spread ;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills his poor with bread.

- 5 If I am rich, he'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand ;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.
- 6 But, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

242

7s & 6s.

- 1 REMEMBER thy Creator,
While youth's fair spring is bright ;
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night :
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.
- 2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth, — for 'tis its nature, —
And life's last ember burns ;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear :
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

243

7s M.

- 1 "LITTLE children, come to me :"
This is what the Savior said ;

Little children, come and see
Where those blessed words are read.

2 Thus ye hear the Savior speak —
“Come ye all, and learn of me :
I am gentle, lowly, meek ;”
So should little children be.

3 When our Savior, from above,
From his Father did descend,
Taken in his arms of love,
Children saw in him their friend.

4 Jesus little children blest :
Blest in innocence they are :
Little children, thus caressed,
Praise him in your infant prayer !

244

L. M.
My Father.

1 GREAT GOD ! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky !

2 Art thou my Father ? — Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee !
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3 Art thou my Father ? — I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend ;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father ? — Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,

11

N 2

Send down, and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

245

C. M.

- 1 In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb ;—
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth :
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

246

L. M.
Sunday School.

- 1 I LOVE to join the joyful play,
To sport beside the shady pool,
To watch the birds soar far away ;
But more I love the Sunday School ;—
- 2 For there I meet my teacher's smile,
And read and learn the holy book,
And, O, my heart doth feel, the while,
That God is pleased on us to look !

- 3 And when we bend the knee in prayer,
And hymns to our Redeemer raise ;
It seems to me that God is there,
To hear us pray, and sing his praise.
- 4 While others slight this holy day,
And shun the gospel's joyful sound,
O, may I cleave to wisdom's way,
And ever in my class be found.

247

L. M.
Sunday School.

TEACHERS.

- 1 GREAT God, accept our songs of praise,
Which now with grateful hearts we raise ;
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Savior God.

CHILDREN.

- 2 O Lord, to thee our thanks are due,
For those who here their kindness show,
In pointing out the blessed road
That leads through Christ the way to God.

TEACHERS.

- 3 We claim no merit of our own ;
Great God, the work is thine alone !
Thou didst at first our hearts incline
To enter on this work of thine.

CHILDREN.

- 4 Here we are taught to read and pray,
To hear thy word, to keep thy day ;

Lord, here accept the thanks we bring ;
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

TEACHERS.

- 5 With these dear children we'll unite ;
Their songs inspire us with delight ;
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join their notes above.

CHILDREN.

- 6 Great God, our benefactors bless,

TEACHERS.

And crown thy work with great success ,

ALL.

O, may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

248

S. M.

- 1 From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared ;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.
- 2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline ;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive ;

And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe !

- 4 O, let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

249.

L. M.
Baptism.

- 1 THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity !
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.
- 2 O, may thy spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law ;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises now.
- 4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

250

C. M.

- 1 LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me :
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

-
- 2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour :
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou giv'st the power.
- 3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessings here,
But what are sent from heaven.
- 4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.
-

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

251

C. M.
The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;

'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye —

- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast !
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

252

L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host !
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here, giant Danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There, Pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage :
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all ; guard every part ;
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come, then, my soul ! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

253

S. M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ; —
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will !
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And, O ! thy servant, Lord, prepare
The strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forsaken die.

254

C. M.

- 1 Now let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories dressed.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While suns and stars decay.
- 3 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue ;

Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heaven is kept in view.

255

7 & 8s M.

Security.

- 1 **HE** who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely;
Diligent while yet 'tis day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely.
- 2 Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.
- 3 Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending;
Softly sinking down in age,
And through death to God ascending.

256

L, M. 6l.

Yield to the Lord.

- 1 **PEACE** has unveiled her smiling face,
And wooes my soul to her embrace;
Enjoyed with ease, if thou refrain
From earthly love, else sought in vain;
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.
- 2 Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art,
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And peace shall be forever thine;
Behold the path the saints have trod,
The path which led them home to God.

o

257

L. M.
Beware.

- 1 O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair!
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.
- 2 O, sleep not thou, as others do;
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 3 A nobler lot is cast for thee;
A crown awaits thee in the skies:
With such a hope shall Israel flee,
And yield, through weariness, the prize?
- 4 No: let a careless world repose,
And slumber on through life's short day
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

258

C. M.
Sincerity.

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?
- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain,
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?
- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know;

If I am wrong, O set me right !
If right, preserve me so !

259

S. M.
Fear God alone.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye ;
But sacred truths the tests invite ;
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O, may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind ;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Lord, give the light we need ;
With soundest knowledge fill ;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart
May we with firmness own ;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

260

L. M.
Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,

Lives but the insect of a day —
O, why should mortal man be proud ?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way :
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray !

4 Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas ! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !

5 God of my life ! Father divine !
Give me a meek and lowly mind :
In modest worth, O, let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

261

C. M.

1 RETURN, O wanderer — now return !
And seek thy Father's face !
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer — now return
He hears thy humble sigh :
He sees thy softened spirit mourn
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer — now return !
Thy Savior bids thee live :

Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

- 4 Return, O wanderer — now return !
And wipe the falling tear :
Thy Father calls — no longer mourn !
'Tis love invites thee near.

262

C. M.

- 1 **WEAK** and irresolute is man :
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 3 Bound on a voyage of awful length,
Through dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

263

L. M.

- 1 **COME**, weary souls, with sin oppressed,
O, come ! accept the promised rest :
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

o 2

- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Here's pardon, life, and endless peace:
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

264

7s M.

- 1 BLEST Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapped within my heart's disguise.
- 2 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee;
To thy all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.
- 3 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear;
God, my strength, propitious hear.

265

L. M.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;
Retired and silent, seek them there ;
True conquest is to overcome,
True strength, to break temptation's snare.
- 3 And there, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 And with the visits of thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

266

C. M.
Patience.

- 1 O, **HELP** us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O, help us, Father, from on high ;
We know no help but thee ;
O, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

267

7s M.

- 1 God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent,
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent, —
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain, —
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
O, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

268

L. M.

- 1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest !
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast ;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here ;

Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

- 3 O-God of hope and peace divine,
Make thou these sacred pleasures mine !
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And fill my heart with joy and love.

269

C. M.
Pardon.

- 1 My Father, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle smile call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven ;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread ;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know ;
That hand which scatters pardon down
Shall crowns of life bestow.

270

8 & 6s.
Pardon.

- 1 Soft are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale ;

Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden every vale.

2 But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of Mercy near,
'That whispers sins forgiven;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptured soul she tells
Of peace and promised heaven.

3 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground;
And groves and gardens, blooming round,
Unnumbered charms unfold:
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold.

4 But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness dressed,
Where heaven's own graces shine;
And brighter far the prospects rise,
That burst on Faith's delighted eyes,
From glories all divine.

271

S. M.
Pardon.

1 THE traveller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.

2 Thus sweet the dawn of day
Which weary sinners find,

When mercy, with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.

272

S. M.
Pardon.

- 1 O, BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

273

C. M.
Prayer.

- 1 "OUR Father" hears when sinners pray;
'Tis joyful news to me;
I'll seek his face without delay,
And cry, "Remember me."
- 2 Through all the dangerous paths of youth,
Jesus, my leader be:
Teach me to tread the ways of truth;
"Blest Lord, remember me."
- 3 And when life's journey shall be o'er,
Heaven's mercy may I see;
Almighty! I would ask no more
Than this, — "Remember me."

274

H. M.
Prayer.

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;

And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high :
We plead the promise of thy word ;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord !

- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry ;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply ; —
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

275

P. M.

- 1 THERE was joy in heaven !
There was joy in heaven !
When, this goodly world to frame,
The Lord of might and mercy came :
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky —
"Glory to God in heaven !"

- 2 There was joy in heaven !
There was joy in heaven !
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in heaven !

- 3 There was joy in heaven !
There was joy in heaven !
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;

And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang — "On earth, good will,
 And glory in the heaven."

- 4 There is joy in heaven !
 There is joy in heaven !
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turn again to virtue's way ;
 When the soul, by grace subdued,
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in heaven !

276

C. M.
Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed ;
 The motion of the hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear ;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
 His watchword at the gates of death ;
 He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways ;

P

While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

- 6 O thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

277

C. M.
Prayer.

- 1 Soon as my youthful lips can speak
Their feeble prayer to thee,
O, let my heart thy favor seek:
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 From every sin that wounds the heart
May I be taught to flee;
O, bid them all from me depart:
Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 O, let me on the bed of death
Thy great salvation see,
And pray, with my expiring breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

278

7 & 6s M.
Prayer.

- 1 Go, when the morning shineth;
Go, when the moon is bright;
Go, when the eve declineth;
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way, —
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit sends above
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.
- 4 O, not a joy nor blessing
With this can we compare —
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer !
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall ;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

279

C. M.

- 1 We come in childhood's innocence,
We come, as children, free ;
We offer up, O God, our hearts
In trusting love to thee.

- 2 Well may we bend in solemn joy
At thy bright courts above ;
Well may the grateful child rejoice
In such a Father's love.
- 3 In joy we wake, in peace we sleep,
Safe from all midnight harms ;
Not folded in an angel's wings,
But in a Father's arms.

280

C. M.
Sincere Prayer.

- 1 WHEN daily I kneel down to pray
As I am taught to do,
God will not answer what I say,
Unless I feel it too.
- 2 Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad ;
Though it should be my greatest joy
To love and seek the Lord.
- 3 O, let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
Which comes not from the heart.
- 4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

281

C. M.
They Will be done.

- 1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One ;

With filial love and trust to say,
 "O God, thy will be done."

- 2 We in these sacred words can find
 A cure for every ill :
 They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
 And bid all care be still.
- 3 O, let that will, which gave me breath
 And an immortal soul,
 In joy or grief, in life or death,
 My every wish control.
- 4 O, teach my heart the blessed way
 To imitate thy Son !
 Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."

282

L. M.
Child at Prayer.

- 1 God from on high looks down to see
 The humble child upon his knee ;
 And makes him there more happy far,
 Than earthly kings and princes are.
- 2 He loves to hear an infant pray
 For grace to walk the heavenly way ;
 And sends to him a quick relief
 From every pang, from every grief.
- 3 Childhood and youth by God are given,
 To gain and to prepare for heaven ;
 And we our earliest hours should give
 To him who died that we might live.
- 4 A work so pleasant and so sweet —
 To bow before the mercy-seat —

P 2

None can the rapturous joys explain,
Which pardoned sinners there obtain.

- 5 Our hearts to thee, Lord, may we give,
And of thy pardoning grace receive ;
All earthly joys may we resign
For those celestial and divine.

283

- 1 To prayer, to prayer ! for the morning
breaks,

And earth in her Maker's smile awakes :
His light is on all below and above —
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

- 2 To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes
on.

Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where his children
repose.

Then kneel, while the watching stars are
bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian
of night.

284

C. M.

- 1 LORD, teach a little child to pray,
And, O, accept my prayer !
Thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art every where.

- 2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee ;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.
- 3 Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive ;
And make it still my chief delight
To love thee while I live.

285

L. M.
Faith.

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she flies,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God :
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

286

C. M. 8l.
Faith.

- 1 **THERE** is a flower, a holy one,
That blossoms on my path,

No need of dew, or daily sun,
Or falling showers it hath ;
It blooms as brightly in the storm,
As on the cloudless day,
And rears unharmed its humble form
When others fade away.

2 That plant is faith : its holy leaves
Reviving odors shed
Upon the lowly place of grief,
Or mansions of the dead.
God is its sun ; his living light
In happy hours he lends,
And silently in sorrow's night
Religion's dew descends.

3 Plant of my soul, be fading things
By other hands caressed,
But through life's weary wanderings,
I'll bear thee in my breast ;
And when the icy power shall chill
The fountains of my breath,
Thy loveliness shall cheer me still,
E'en in the hour of death.

287

C. M.
Wisdom.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow

We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom : — Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

288

C. P. M.
True Wisdom.

- 1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude :
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.
- 2 O, may I still from sin depart !
A wise and understanding heart,
Father, to me be given !
And let me, through thy Spirit, know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

289

C. M.
Prudence.

- 1 FATHER of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.
- 3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart, —
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

290

S. M.
My Wants.

- 1 My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill; —

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss, —
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly, —
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

291

C. M.
Watchfulness.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make !
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

292

S. M.
True Wisdom.

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl ;

'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream ;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone ;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide :
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

293

L. M.
Virtus.

- 1 SUPREME and universal Light !
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, on all below ;—
- 2 Assist us, Lord ! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.
- 4 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O, may our steadfast bosoms bear

The stamp of heaven, an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art !

5 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

6 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
No more we wish, no more we want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, — is bliss above.

294

L. M.
The better Part.

1 B^ESET with snares on every hand
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Father divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
Wisely to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

295

C. M.
Holiness.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !
- 2 O, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

296

C. M.

- 1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice !
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;

A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

- 4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

297

C. M.
The Good happy.

- 1 How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk ;—
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night !
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

298

C. M.
The good Man.

- 1 **HAPPY** the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean ;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 What blessings bounteous Heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart ;
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

- 3 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined :
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.
- 4 His business is to keep his heart ;
Each passion to control ;
Nobly ambitious, well to rule
The empire of his soul.
- 5 Not on the world his heart is set ;
His treasure is above ;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

299

L. M.

- 1 How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ; —
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath ; —
- 3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend !
- 4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

300

C. M.

- 1 How blest are they who always keep
 The pure and perfect way!
 Who never from the sacred paths
 Of God's commandments stray!
- 2 Thrice blest! who to his righteous laws
 Have still obedient been;
 And have with fervent, humble zeal
 His favor sought to win.

301

S. M.

- 1 THY conscience be thy crown,
 Contented thoughts thy rest;
 Thy heart be happy in itself,
 Thy bliss be in thy breast.
- 2 Thy wishes be but few,
 All easy to fulfil;
 In prayer, ask thou the Lord to bend
 Thy spirit to his will.
- 3 Feel thou no care for gold;
 Well-doing be thy wealth;
 Thy mind to thee an empire be,
 And God afford thee health.

302

C. M.

The two Commandments.

- 1 THIS is the first and great command —
 To love thy God above;
 And this the second — As thyself
 Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

q²

- 2 "Who is my neighbor?" He who wants
The help which thou canst give;
And both the law and prophets say,
This do, and thou shalt live.

303

C. M.

- 1 Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart, or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by?
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery:
Go, share thy lot with him.

304

C. M.

Love.

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge! — alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;

'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

- 4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
May wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

305

C. M.
Justice.

- 1 COME, let us search our ways, and try ;
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?
- 2 What we would have our neighbor do,
Have we still done the same ?
From others ne'er withheld the due
Which we from others claim ?
- 3 Then may we raise our modest prayer
To God, the just and kind ;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.
- 4 Religion's path they never trod,
Who equity condemn :
Nor ever are they just to God,
Who prove unjust to men.

306

8 & 7s.

- 1 "LITTLE children, love each other,"
Is the blessed Savior's rule ;
Every little one is brother
To his playmates while at school.

- 2 We're all children of one Father,
The great God, who reigns above ;
Shall we quarrel ? — no — much rather
Would we be like him — all love.
- 3 He has placed us here together,
That we may be good and kind :
He is ever watching, whether
We are of one heart and mind.
- 4 Which is stronger than the other ?
He must be the weak one's friend ;
Who's more playthings than his brother ?
He'll delight to give and lend.
- 5 Selfish children's sad behavior
Shows they love themselves alone ;
But the children of a Savior
Say not any thing's their own.
- 6 All they have they share with others,
Give kind looks and gentle words :
Thus they live like happy brothers,
And are known to be the Lord's.

307

S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love !
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one —
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
From sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

308

C. M.
Love.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word !
- 2 O, may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart !
- 3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir to heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

309

L. M.

- 1 Th' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee :
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields.
- 3 Love God and man — this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy Well-beloved preach.

310

L. M.

- 1 How blest are they who daily prove,
By acts of charity and love,
The fervent gratitude they owe
To Him from whom all blessings flow !
- 2 In hours of sickness, or of pain,
God will their fainting souls sustain ;
Bright hopes shall cheer the bed of death,
Sweet peace attend their parting breath.
- 3 When, summoned from the silent tomb,
Th' assembled world await their doom,

These shall behold their Savior's face
Beaming with smiles of heavenly grace ;—

- 4 And from his lips their raptured ear
Shall this their gracious sentence hear,
“Come, O ye blessed of the Lord,
Come, and receive your bright reward.”

311

Charity.

- 1 O, how can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear !
- 2 The dread Omnipotence of heaven
We every hour provoke,
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds th' avenging stroke.
- 3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and pain ;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.
- 4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above,
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.

312

O. M.
Liberality.

- 1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands ;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
 To all the sons of need,
 So God shall answer his request
 With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
 His well-established mind ;
 His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.

313

S. M.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread :
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ, their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will
 Be banished far away ;
 Those should in holy friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
 And every heart is love.

314

7s M.
Charity.

- 1 LORD, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altar when we bow ?

- Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ; —
- 2 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control,
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ; —
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind,
 Charity, with liberal store.
- 4 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind ;
 Thus th' accepted offering bring —
 Love to thee and all mankind.

315

L. M.
Love.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use,
 If love be absent, I am found
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
 All that is done in heaven and hell,
 Or could my faith the world remove,
 Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
 To feed the cravings of the poor ;
 Or give my body to the flame,
 To gain a martyr's glorious name —
- 4 If love to God and love to man
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain :

R

Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

316

C. M.

Love.

- 1 FAR from thy servants, God of grace,
Th' unfeeling heart remove ;
And form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 O, be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought ;
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot.
- 5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
With this kind, social grace,
And in one grasp of fervent love
All heaven and earth embrace.

317

S. M.

Peace.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

318

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of peace ! who as a dove
Appeared to human gaze ;
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.
- 2 'Tis like the precious oil of old,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
O'er all his garment's ample fold
In grateful fragrance spread.
- 3 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills, —
- 4 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

319

H. M.
Peace.

- 1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity !
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.
- 2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers ;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers ;
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.
- 3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they, who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

320

L. M.
Love.

- 1 THE God of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree ;
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When loving children join to sing.
- 2 For love and kindness please him more
Than if we give him all our store ;
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above.

3 Great God, forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will and disagree ;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

321

C. M.
Harmony.

- 1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree ;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice-happy whole ;
Derive its pulse from thee the heart
Its life from thee the soul.

14

R 2

LIFE, DEATH, HEAVEN.

322

L. M.
Time.

- 1 God of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw :
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and swift they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
'The boundless gulf from which it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach our hearts
'To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

323

C. M.
Close of the Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past :
I cannot long continue here ;
And this may be my last.

-
- 2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my fleeting moments run —
The few which yet remain !
- 3 Awake, my soul ! with all thy care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes—how sure, how fair ?
And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new space of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven :
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

324

S. M.
Life uncertain.

- 1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day !
- 3 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

325

7s M.

Swiftness of Time.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here!
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,—
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

326

L. M.

- 1 My helper, God! I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same;

The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

- 2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

327

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD ! another year begins
Its little round to-day ;
Be it a year of grief or joy,
It soon will pass away.
- 2 Now let us heed the solemn voice
Of years already past,
And then our souls shall have no fear,
Though this should be our last.

328

C. M.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds,
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

- 3 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 4 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul
To joy that never dies.

329

L. M.
Life.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord —
The time t' insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
To thee the sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that thou hast given
To fit us for the joys of heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in unbroken silence there.
- 5 Then the great work we have to do,
Let us with all our might pursue ;
And wisely every hour employ,
Till faith and hope are lost in joy.

330

C. M.
Frailty of Life.

- 1 **THEE** we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

331

L. M.
Redeem the Time.

- 1 **WHY** do we waste on trifling cares
The lives divine compassion spares,
While, thro' the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.
- 2 Our Father calls us from above ;
Our Savior pleads his dying love ;
Awakened conscience gives us pain :
Shall all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so our dying eyes will view
The objects which we now pursue ;
Not so eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

- 4 Then wake, my soul ; thy way prepare,
And loe in this each meaner care ;
With steady step that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

332

S. M.
The Dead.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea !
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity !
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.
- 3 God of our fathers ! hear ;
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

333

S. M.

- 1 My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away !
How short the term of life appears,
When past — but as a day !
- 2 Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,

With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way !

334

C. M.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

335

S. M.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay ;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

s

- 3 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

336

C. M.
Eternity.

- 1 How long sometimes the days appear!
And weeks are long as they;
Months move as slow as if the year
Would never pass away.
- 2 But even years are fleeting by,
And soon must all be gone;
For, day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.
- 3 Days, months, and years must have an end;
Eternity has none:
'Twill always have as long to spend,
As when it first begun.
- 4 Great God, I own I cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

337

C. M.
Judgment.

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
To answer, in that day,

For every wicked, idle thought,
And every word I say ?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live !
With what religious fear !
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

338

C. M.
Another Life.

1 THE stars are shining over head,
In the clear frosty night ;
So will they shine when we are dead,
As countless and as bright.

2 For brief the time and short the space
That e'en the proudest have,
Ere they conclude their various race
In silence and the grave.

3 But the pure soul from dust shall rise,
By our great Savior's aid,
When the last trump shall rend the skies,
And all the stars shall fade.

339

C. M.
Through Death to Life.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the turmoil ~~is~~ no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie ;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

340

L. M.
Another Life.

- 1 **WHEN** power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm ;
In soothing accents, Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I ; be not afraid."
- 2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove —
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 God calms the tumult and the storm ;
He rules the seraph and the worm :
No creature is by him forgot,
Of those who know or know him not.
- 4 And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering Nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead, —
"Lo, it is I ; be not afraid."

341

C. M.
Heaven.

- 1 **Lord**, may I ne'er in youth be led
In Sin's dark path to stray,
But may I early learn to tread
In Wisdom's pleasant way.
- 2 What sorrows may my steps attend
I never can foretell ;
But since my Maker is my friend,
I know that all is well.
- 3 Father, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.
- 4 Then still, as seasons hasten by,
I will for heaven prepare ;
That God may take me, when I die,
To be forever there.

342

Death.

- 1 **VITAL** spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,
" Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

s 2

Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes; it disappears.
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

343

C. M.
Death.

- 1 O SILENTLY, O silently,
The moon-beam falls on me:
As silently, as silently
It falls on land and sea.
2 O silently, still silently
Creation's wings wax bright,
As silently, as silently,
Bright morn succeeds to night.
3 O, let my soul, thus silently,
Depart from earthly clay;
Thus silently and beamingly
Enter the realms of day.

344

11s.
I would not live alway.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way.
I would not live alway: no — welcome the
tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom.

- 2 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode !
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
- 3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to
greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the
soul.

345

7s. 6l.

ANGELS ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care ;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.
Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care.

346

S. M.
Death.

- 1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light ;

And know, your Maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from smiling, vigorous youth,
The remnant of its days.

4 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

5 Then shall new lustre break
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

347

C. M.
The Christian's Death.

1 BEHOLD the beauteous western light !
It melts in deepening gloom :
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory, left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And now, above the dews of night
The yellow star appears:
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
- 6 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore;
And eyelids, that are sealed in death,
Shall ope to close no more.

348

L. M.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys:
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

349

S. M.
Death.

- 1 THE flowers of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us instruction yield,
Who die as soon as they.
- 2 That pretty rosebud see,
Decaying on the walk :
A storm came sweeping o'er the tree,
And broke its feeble stalk.
- 3 Just like an early rose
I've seen an infant bloom ;
But Death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.
- 4 Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay ;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them soon away.
- 5 To God, who loves them all,
Let children humbly cry ;
And then, whenever Death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

350

L. M.
Death.

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And, gay, their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,

The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows :
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains ;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

351

C. M.

1 ALL nature dies, and lives again :
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield, —

2 Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;

- The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 4 So to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until the 'ternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 5 O, may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest ;
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest.

352

S. M.
Another World.

- 1 THERE is, beyond the sky,
A world of joy and love ;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

353

L. M.
Death of an Infant.

- 1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod :
O mourner ! such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God !

354

7s M.
Funeral Hymn.

- 1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust !
Let them mingle — for they must !
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit's fled to God.
- 2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp ;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.
- 3 Deep the pit, and cold the bed,
Where the spoils of death are laid :
Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
Of man's melancholy tomb.
- 4 Look above ; the spirit's risen ;
Death cannot the soul imprison :
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.
- 5 Thither let us turn our view ;
Peace is there, and comfort too :
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

355

C. M.

- 1 DEATH has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side :
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.
- 2 Not long ago, he filled his place,
And sat with us to learn :

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But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short ;
Our days may fly as fast :
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last !

4 All needful strength is thine to give ;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live ;
O, make us fit to die.

356

12s & 11s.

1 THOU art gone to the grave — but we will
not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb ;
The Savior has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave — we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world
by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Savior
hath died.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave — and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright
on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave — but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;
He gave thee — he took thee — and he will restore thee,
And death hath no sting, since the Savior hath died.

357

C. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friend ! a long farewell,
For we shall meet no more,
Till we are raised with thee to dwell
On Zion's happier shore.
- 2 Our friend and brother, lo ! is dead !
The cold and lifeless clay
Has made in dust its silent bed,
And there it must decay.
- 3 But is he dead ? — no, no ; he lives !
His happy spirit flies
To heaven above, and there receives
The long-expected prize.

- 4 Farewell, dear friend, again farewell ;
 Soon we shall rise to thee ;
 And when we meet, no tongue can tell
 How great our joys shall be.

358

8s & 7s.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
 O'er the grave of those you love ;
 Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
 Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
 Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high,
 In his glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die !
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
 Sickness there no more can come ;
 There, no fear of woe, intruding,
 Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.
- 5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
 O'er the graves of those ye love ;
 Far removed from pain and anguish,
 They are chanting hymns above.

359

7s.

"Hymn to God."

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;

Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now — and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepared —
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

360

S. M.
The Dead.

- 1 I HEARD a voice from heaven
Say, "Blessed is the doom
Of those whose trust is in the Lord,
When sinking to the tomb!"
- 2 The Holy Spirit spake —
And I the words repeat —
"Blessed are they," — for, after toil,
To mortals rest is sweet.

361

L. M.
The happy Dead.

- 1 TRANSPORTING tidings which we hear !
What music to the pious ear !
Christ loves each humble saint so well,
He with his Lord shall ever dwell.

T 2

- 2 O happy dead, in thee that sleep,
While o'er their mouldering dust we weep!
O faithful Savior, who shalt come
That dust to ransom from the tomb!
- 3 While thine unerring word imparts
So rich a cordial to our hearts,
Through tears our triumphs shall be shown,
Though round their graves, and near our
own.

362

L. M.

- 1 FROM north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest:
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.
- 2 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit now they know;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet God admits their humble claim.
- 3 On earth, according to their light,
They aimed to practise what was right;
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

363

C. M.
Heaven.

- 1 EARTH has engrossed our thoughts too long:
'Tis time we lift our eyes
Upward, our Father, to thy throne,
And to our native skies.

- 2 Seraphs, with sweet, enraptured strains,
Circle that throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With their immortal sounds.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;
Jesus, our Lord, they sing ;
Jesus, the source of Christian joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 4 Now let us mount and join their song,
And sing as angels do :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.
- 5 Come, children, sound the music here ;
Let every voice arise ;
O for a heavenly host to bear
Us upward to the skies !

364

L. M

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand ;
And shall I waste my measured sand,
Or careless view departing day,
And throw my gift of time away ?
- 2 Search, gracious Lord, O search my heart ;
Thy peace, thy hope, thy joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

365

C. M.
Heaven.

- 1 Be thou, O God ! by night, by day,
My Guide, my Guard from sin,

**My Life, my Trust, my Light Divine,
To keep me pure within ;—**

- 2 Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumines,
And active as the lark, that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.**
- 3 So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith, unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
Midst light from paradise.**

366

C. M.
Endless Life.

- 1 How beautiful the setting sun !
The clouds how bright and gay !
The stars appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they !**
- 2 And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night !**
- 3 And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far ?
Glow's there within this little breast
That which outshines each star ?**
- 4 Yes : should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.**
- 5 This is my soul, that God has given ;
Sin may its lustre dim ;**

Religion bears it up to heaven,
And leads it back to him.

367

7th M.
Heaven.

- 1 PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,
Bids you with a grateful mind
View a thousand blessings rise.
- 2 But, perhaps, some friendly voice
Softly whispers to your mind —
Make not these alone your choice ;
Heaven has blessings more refined.
- 3 Thankful own what you enjoy ;
But a changing world, like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
Cannot give you perfect bliss.
- 4 Perfect bliss resides above,
Far above yon azure sky ;
Bliss that merits all your love,
Merits every anxious sigh.
- 5 What like this has earth to give ?
O ye righteous ! in your breast
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth desire to rest.
- 6 When your bosom breathes a sigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

368

8s & 6s.

- 1 **THERE** is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast —
'Tis found alone — in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven ;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene — in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn — of heaven.

369

L. M.

- THERE** is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine ;

Surprising honor ! vast reward !
Conferred on man by love divine.

- 3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
Forever fair, forever bright.
- 4 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O, may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies.

370

C. M.

- 1 HARK, from that glorious world, what songs
Those heavenly voices raise !
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.
- 2 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey ;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.
- 3 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern ;
For this we come from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
- 4 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay ;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop and pass away.
- 5 Great God ! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast,

That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

371

C. M.

- 1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove, —
Those gloomy doubts that rise, —
And see the Canaan, that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes ; —
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, —
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore,

372

C. M.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.
- 2 **B**ut the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come :
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

373

C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high ;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 **S**hortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved, and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

374

8 & 7s.

- 1 **H**EAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken ;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
- 2 **S**cen^es of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

- 3 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
- 4 Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 5 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But your griefs, forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
- 6 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

375

L. M.

- 1 As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, cross the plains,
He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between ;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

376

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold? [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

377

C. M.

- 1 WHILE through this changing world we
From infancy to age, [roam
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;

There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

378

C. M.

- 1 **THREE** happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Do all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 3 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 4 In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all our days be past ;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

379

L. M.

- 1 **LORD**, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace
within.

- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love ;
 And soft and silent as the shades
 Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
 But fly not half so swift away !
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasures grow !
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
 Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

380

L. M.

- 1 How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
 When life declines, recalls again
 The years that time has cast behind,
 And reaps delight from toil and pain.
- 2 So, when the transient storm is past,
 The sudden gloom and driving shower,
 The sweetest sunshine is the last ;
 The loveliest is the evening hour.

381

S. M.

- 1 O, WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul ?
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;

U 2

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

382

7s & 6s.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

383

C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
-

OCCASIONAL.

384

6 & 4s.

- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty —
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country! thee —
Land of the noble free —
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.

Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

- 4 Our fathers' God ! to thee —
Author of liberty ! —
To thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King !

385

C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes of heaven ;
Such prospects oft my faith renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 4 Thus, when life's toilsome race is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

386

7th M.

- 1 **WATCHMAN!** tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!
- 2 **Watchman!** tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 **Watchman!** tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

387

C. M.

- 1 **BUT** who shall see that glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,

The Lord shall rend the veil away,
Which binds the nations now? —

- 2 When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

388

The better Land.

- 1 "I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band.
Mother, O, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle
boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"
- 2 "Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of
gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand, —
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"
- 3 "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;

Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
 Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the
 tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child!"

389

7s & 4s.

- 1 **WHEN** the spark of life is waning,
 Weep not for me.
 When the languid eye is failing,
 Weep not for me.
 When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
 Start not at its swift decreasing;
 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing —
 Weep — weep — not for me.
- 2 **When** the pangs of death assail me,
 Weep not for me.
 Christ is mine; he cannot fail me;
 Weep not for me.
 Yes — though sin and doubt endeavor
 From his love my soul to sever,
 Jesus is my strength forever —
 Weep — weep — not for me.

390

L. M. 6l.

- 1 **THE** Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

391

8s & 7s.
Morning Hymn.

- 1 WHEN the morning bells are ringing,
To the chapel we repair,
Where our voices join in singing,
And our hearts unite in prayer ;
Thanks to God for his protection,
While in helpless sleep we lay ;
When in darkness his direction
Brought us to this holy day.
- 2 When our grateful hearts and voices
Are ascending to our God,

All in earth and heaven rejoices,
In obedience to his word.
Let us all, with firm endeavor,
In our duties now engage;
We shall gain our Father's favor,
Reading from his sacred page.

3 'There the lessons he has taught us
Will our hearts and minds improve;
And the blessings he has brought us
Wake a strong and filial love:
For thy word, and for these blessings,
For thy kind, paternal care,
God, we thank thee; — above all things,
That thou hearest us in prayer.

4 When we make our supplication,
When we bend the pliant knee,
When in private meditation, —
'Tis, O Lord, to think of thee;
Think of thee, our heavenly Father,
Think of Jesus Christ our Friend,
Who appeared a blessed Savior,
To guide us to our happy end.

392

P. M.
The Sabbath School.

1 ALL the week we spend,
Full of childish bliss;
Every changing scene
Brings its happiness;
Yet our joys would not be full,
Had we not the Sabbath School.

v

2 Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath day;
Then our infant thoughts are full
Of the precious Sabbath School.

3 To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought —
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought.
Gracious news and merciful —
How we love the Sabbath School!

4 Teachers, you are kind
Thus to point the road
Leading us from sin
To our Father, God.
May we all be dutiful
In the precious Sabbath School.

5 Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day;
Fairest is the night
Of the Sabbath day.
Then our hearts with praise are full
For the precious Sabbath School.

ADDITIONAL.

393

L. M.
Lord's Supper.

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes ; —
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake.
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food ;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine ;
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

394

C. M.
Communion.

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love !
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace !
- 2 Not here, where, met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come, to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

- 3 No, gracious Master ! not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 "Thy kingdom come !" we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

395

L. M.
Lord's Supper.

- 1 "EAT, drink, in memory of your Friend !"
Such was our Master's last request ;
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live forever blest.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends !
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give
Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee !

396

8 & 7s M.
After Communion.

- 1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;

Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day!

397

7s M. 6l.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 3 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;—
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes.
Savior, teach us so to rise.

398

L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus Christ.

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be?
A mortal man ashamed of thee!

17

12

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days !

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own its star ;
He sheds the beams of life divine
On this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ;
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to dry, no good to crave,
No fears to calm, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, — nor is my boasting vain, —
Till then I boast my Savior slain ;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

399

C. M.
The Cross.

- 1 BEHOLD the Savior on the cross !
For us he dies in woe ;
See from his deep and bleeding wounds
The streams of crimson flow !
- 2 Now death's pale ensigns o'er his face
And trembling lips are spread !
The light forsakes his closing eyes,
And life his fainting head.
- 3 " 'Tis finished," was his latest voice ;
Those sacred accents o'er,

He bows his head, gives up the ghost,
And suffers pain no more.

- 4 'Tis finished — the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own ;
The great redemption is complete,
And death is overthrown !

400

7s.
The Close of the Year.

- 1 TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day ;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years.
- 2 Thus another year is flown ;
Now it is no more our own,
If it brought or promised good,
Than the years before the flood.
- 3 But, may none of us forget,
It has left us much in debt ;
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed to every one's account !
- 4 If we see another year,
May thy blessing meet us here :
Sun of righteousness, arise ;
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes.

401

I. M.
Help from God.

- 1 GREAT God ! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

402

L. M.

For a new Year, or Thanksgiving.

- 1 ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear ;
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade !
- 4 O, may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

403

C. M.

The Seasons.

- 1 NATURE, — a temple worthy Heaven,
That beams with light and love,
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above ; —
- 2 Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore ;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar ; —
- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By Spring's awakening hours ;
Her Summer offers at the shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers ; —
- 4 Her Autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given ;
While Winter's silver heights reflect
The brightness back to heaven.

404

8s & 7s.

Autumn Warnings.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound :
- 2 "Ye, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
See us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 "Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of transient stay,

O, receive our friendly warning —
All things here must pass away.

- 4 "On the tree of life eternal
Let your highest hopes be stayed ;
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears the leaves which never fade."

405

7a.
Spring.

- 1 PLEASING Spring again is here ;
Trees and fields in bloom appear :
Hark ! the birds, in artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise.
- 2 Thus the soul in Winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the sun, returns ;
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again.
- 3 Father, may thy gracious voice
Cause my spirit to rejoice ;
For thy presence can restore
Life to what seemed dead before.
- 4 Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come ;
Where the blest no Winter fear ;
Where 'tis Spring throughout the year.

406

L. M.
Divine Protection.

- 1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to the saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God !
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
And were with thy protection blest ;
Behold their sons, a feeble race !
We come to fill our fathers' place.
- 3 Through all the thorny paths we tread,
Ere we are numbered with the dead ;
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Be thou our all-sufficient aid !
- 4 And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell on earth no more,
To thee, great God ! may we ascend,
And find an everlasting Friend.

407

H. M.

God our Preserver in Times of Distress.

- 1 UPWARD I lift my eyes ;
From God is all my aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly ; | In every hour.
- 2 Our feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since he, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | In every place
Which never sleep, | Thy children keep.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Can take our health away,
If God be with us there.

He is our sun,		Above our head,
And he our shade,		At night and noon.

4 Has he not given his word
 To save our souls from death ?
 And we can trust thee, Lord,
 To keep our mortal breath :

We'll go and come,		Till from on high
Nor fear to die,		Thou call us home.

408

C. M.
Faith.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight ;
 It pierces through the veil of sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home,
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousand years to come.
- 3 Abra'm obeyed the Lord's command,
 From his own country driven ;
 By faith he sought a promised land,
 But found his rest in heaven.
- 4 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
 The promise in our eye ;
 By faith we walk the narrow way,
 That leads to joy on high.

409

C. M.
A living and dead Faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls ! who dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast

- Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith which works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith which conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace which shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

410

S. M.

Faith without Works, dead.

- 1 As bodies when the soul is fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith, a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.
- 3 In true and genuine faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream hath found its way;

W

But where these spring not, fresh and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

411

L. M.
Candor.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great Lord of all!
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own;
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

412

L. M.
Christian Zeal.

- 1 GREAT God! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion in my soul,
When sunk too low, or raised too high,
Teach me those passions to control.
- 2 Temper the fervors of my frame;
Be charity their constant spring;
And O, let no unhallowed flame
Pollute the offerings I bring.

- 3 Let peace with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will;
While hope and heaven-eyed faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, my zeal ;—
- 4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,
Wisdom descending from above ;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

413

L. M.
Penitence.

- 1 OPPRESSED with guilt, or grief, or care,
Great God ! thy humble suppliants hear ;
Though sunk, we ne'er can sink so low,
But thou canst hear the voice of woe.
- 2 Shouldst thou against each evil deed
In strict severity proceed ;
By merit, without mercy tried,
None could be clear and justified.
- 3 But thou forgiveness dost proclaim,
That men may turn and fear thy name ;
To thy rich grace, O Lord ! we fly,
And on thy promises rely.
- 4 Ye contrite hearts, who guilt deplore,
Come, seek his face, and sin no more ;
Then shall we know that God is kind,
And full redemption with him find.

414

L. M.
Penitence.

- 1 Show pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !
Let a repenting sinner live ;

- Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the contrite trust in thee ?
- 2 With shame my numerous sins I trace,
Against thy law, against thy grace ; [hear,
And, though my prayer thou shouldst not
My doom is just, and thou art clear.
- 3 Yet save a penitent, O Lord !
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
- 4 My sins are great, but don't surpass
The riches of eternal grace ;
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 5 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And every power shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

415

L. M.
Contentment.

- 1 Be still, my heart ! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?

And has he not his promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

- 4 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise,
New trophies to his endless praise.

416

C. M.
Contentment.

- 1 My God! the Father of mankind!
Of life the only spring!
Creator of unnumbered worlds!
Supreme, eternal King!—
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride;
Nor let me in forbidden paths
With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.
- 4 Feed me with necessary food:
I ask not wealth nor fame:
Give me an eye to see thy works,
A heart to bless thy name.
- 5 Still let my days serenely pass
Without remorse or care;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

w 2

417

L. M.
Anxiety removed.

- 1 WHY sinks my weak, desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe, if God be nigh?
- 2 'Tis he supports the fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name, [shine!
How wide they spread, how bright they
- 3 My God! if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 4 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And calm the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine, and I am blest.

418

S. M.
Anxiety reproved.

- 1 WHY do I thus perplex
My life, a breath of air,
With fears of distant ills, and vex
My heart with fruitless care?
- 2 Can thought and toil increase
My days' appointed sum?
Why waste I then my time, my peace,
To hoard for days to come?
- 3 To him these low desires,
This sordid gain I leave,

Who to no higher good aspires,
Than what this world can give.

4 To nobler work applied,
My soul shall upward climb ;
And trust my Father to provide
The needful things of time.

419

L. M.
Holy Resolution.

- 1 I WOULD resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 O, be his service all my joy ;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the best employ,
And join in labors so divine !
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice !
- 4 O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways !
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise

420

C. M.
Perseverance.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint ;
Or, fainting, shall not die ;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?

421

L. M.
Importance of Time.

- 1 TIME, time ! how few thy value weigh ;
How few will estimate a day !
Days, months, and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.
- 2 In painful cares or empty joys
Our life its precious hours destroys ;
Whilst death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 This season of your being, know,
Is given to you, your seeds to sow ;
Wisdom and folly's differing grain
In future worlds are bliss and pain.
- 4 Then let me every day review,
Idle or busy, search it through ;
And, whilst probation's minutes last,
Let every day amend the past.

422

C. M.
Man's Mortality.

- 1 **TEACH** me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame !
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast ;
How short the fleeting time !
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creature's, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 4 Now I forbid my earnest hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

423

C. M.
Man accountable.

- 1 **THE** time draws near when every soul
Its last account shall give ;
When its whole life shall be surveyed
By him who bade it live.
- 2 How many talents, O my God,
Hast thou bestowed on me !
And yet how few can there be found
Devoted, Lord, to thee !
- 3 My health, my time, my worldly store,
And thy more precious word,

Thy talents are, for which I must
Account to thee, my Lord.

- 4 O may the slothful servant's doom
My earnest care excite ;
Each talent may I well improve,
And in thy word delight.

424

C. M.

The Day of Account.

- 1 THE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great, decisive day,
Which from the bounds of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day more awful dawns,
And, lo ! the Judge appears !
Ye heavens, retire before his face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.
- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour
Of precious life remain ;
Awake, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.
- 4 For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng ;
For this, the board surround ;
There may our service be approved,
And with thy presence crowned.

425

C. P. M.

Judgment.

- 1 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?

3 Be this my one great business here
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t'insure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

426

L. M.

Warnings of Mortality.

1 THAT solemn hour will soon appear, —
Swift on the wings of time it flies, —
When all that pains or pleases here
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2 Death calls my friends, my neighbors hence,
And none resists the fatal dart ;
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to strike my heart ?

3 Think, O my soul ! how much depends
On the short period of to-day ;
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?

4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use ;
Awake ; rouse every active power ;

And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour !

- 5 Lord of my life ! inspire my heart
With heavenly ardor, grace divine ;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

427

L. M.
Seeking divine Aid.

- 1 MY God ! whene'er my longing heart
Its grateful tribute would impart,
In vain my tongue, with feeble aim,
Attempts the glories of thy name.
- 2 In vain my boldest thoughts arise ;
I sink to earth, and lose the skies ;
Yet I may still thy grace implore,
And low in dust thy name adore.
- 3 O, let thy grace my heart inspire,
And raise each languid, weak desire ;
Thy grace, which condescends to meet
The sinner prostrate at thy feet !
- 4 With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight ;
Then shall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praise, my constant, blest employ.

428

L. M.
Omniscience of God.

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me
through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !
What large extent, what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

429

L. M.
The Fear of God.

- 1 GREAT Author of all nature's frame,
Holy and reverend is thy name ;
Against thee who shall lift his hand ?
Before thy terrors who can stand ?
- 2 But blest are they, O gracious Lord,
Who fear thy name and keep thy word ;
Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends
Their life, till life its journey ends.
- 3 O that my soul, with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin.
- 4 Never, O never from my heart
May this great principle depart ;
But act with unabating power
Within me, to my latest hour.

X

430

L. M.

Divine Light implored.

- 1 O SOURCE of uncreated light !
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Our frailties help, our hearts control ;
Subdue the senses to the soul.
- 4 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet from wisdom stray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

431

C. M.

Submission.

- 1 WHEN present sufferings pain our hearts,
Or future terrors rise,
And light and hope almost depart
From these dejected eyes, —
- 2 Thy powerful word supports our hopes,
Rich cordial of the mind !
And bears our fainting spirits up,
And bids us wait resigned.
- 3 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy providence denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :—

- 4 Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free :
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.
- 5 Let the blest hope that we are thine,
Our path of life attend ;
Thy presence through our journey shine,
And crown our journey's end.

432

L. M.
Death of an Infant.

- 1 SURE, to the mansions of the blest,
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.
- 2 That inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,
The more it lingers upon earth.
- 3 But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death
Which speeds an infant to the tomb, —
- 4 No passion fierce, no low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame ;
Back to its God the living fire
Reverts, unclouded, as it came.
- 5 Then at the Heavenly Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
Behold the infant seraph stand,
And dazzling shine where all are bright.

433

L. M.
God our Father.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father! let me fly to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief
That scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene;
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

434

C. M.
Nativity of Christ.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind, —
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign: —

- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address their joyful song:—
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

435

7s M.
Christian Farewell.

- 1 CHRISTIANS! brethren! ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now, to him who reigns in heaven
Be eternal glory given;
Grateful for thy love divine,
O may all our hearts be thine!

436

C. M.
Close of Service.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

x 2

- 2 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 3 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

437

8 & 7s M.

Close of Divine Service.

- 1 PRAISE to Him by whose kind favor
Heavenly truth has reached our ears ;
May its sweet, reviving savor
Fill our hearts, and calm our fears.
- 2 Truth ! how sacred is the treasure !
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know ;
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure
Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart ;
In the day of thy appearing,
May we share thy people's part.
- 4 Till we leave this world forever,
May we live beneath thine eye ;
This our aim, our sole endeavor,
Thine to live, and thine to die.

CHANTS.

1.

PRAISE ye the Lord — O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting; and let all the people say, Amen. Praise ye the Lord.

2.

O **PRAISE** God in his holiness; praise him in the firmament of his power;

Praise him for his noble acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness;

Praise him in the sound of the trumpet; praise him upon the lute, and harp;

Praise him in the cymbals, and dances; praise him on strings, and pipes;

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord; praise the Lord.

3.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High;

To tell of thy loving kindness early in the morning, and of thy truth in the night season;

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the lute; upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp;

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works; and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands.

4.

REPENT ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

5.

I ACKNOWLEDGE my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

6.

GOD be merciful to us, and bless us, and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us ;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; yea, let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad ; for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; yea, let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase ; and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

God shall bless us ; and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

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